

An American Girl Who Discovered a Bronze Age City

Miss Harriet Boyd's Explorations in Crete.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., March 12.—To the island of Crete Miss Harriet Boyd, a Smith College graduate of the class of 1892, said last week to continue her explorations in Gournia, the city of the Bronze Age discovered by her.

The Bronze Age was the Golden Age of Cretan history, the age which Homer described in the Odyssey. And the Gournia that Miss Boyd has caused to be added to one of the new maps of Crete was probably the ninety cities to which he referred.

The archaeological value of Miss Boyd's work in Crete can therefore scarcely be overestimated. When, on May 22, 1901, she sent to the American Exploration Society, which is supporting her expedition, a telegram saying: "Discovered Gournia, Minoan site, streets, houses, pottery, bronzes, stone jars," scholars recognized the fact that a city of which absolutely no record anywhere exists had come to light.

The discovery of which this telegram gave news to the world came almost at the end of the 1901 expedition. It was not until her return to Crete last spring that Miss Boyd was able fully to realize the wonders of the work she had found to do.

Then, in company with Miss Moffat, known here by reason of her connection with George W. Cable's Home Culture Club, she settled down again to investigate her Bronze Age city. The story of this past year's labor, as she herself tells it, is full of color and interest.

"Miss Moffat and I met at Athens, March 7," she said, "and were joined by Richard B. Seager. A week later our party sailed for Crete.

"Towards the land awaited us in Candia. The British archaeologists, already at their posts, told us they had had fifty consecutive days of rain, and no one who has not lived in a truly medieval town like Candia can imagine what discomfort such a rainy season brings.

"Though there was plenty of work to be done in the museum, we were very glad at the end of a week of rain to make ready to start for our own site, which lies on the north shore of Hierapetra, about fifty miles east of Candia.

"A small Greek steamer now visits weekly the northern ports of Crete and stops at Agios Nikolaos, on the Gulf of Mirabello, from which place one can reach in a few hours, by land or sea, our excavation at Gournia and our home at Pachyrammos, 'Deepsand Harbor,' three-quarters of a mile east of the excavation.

"In my absence a house had been put up for us at Deepsand, and here our whole party was soon established under conditions far more favorable to health and happiness than those I endured during the previous expedition. The household included, besides Miss Moffat, Mr. Seager and myself, our foreman, Aristides Pappadakis, and his mother, two overseers, a muleteer and a man who was to take the place of Aristides when the latter should be recalled to his position in the National Bank at Athens after the two months vacation granted him in the interest of archaeology.

"We found the excavations in excellent order, after two years under the watchful guardianship of an old peasant employed in fact, clothed the dump heaps with such myriads of flowers during our absence and so filled the crannies of the old walls with bright poppies and daisies that our little town on the hill had a far more cheerful look than when we left it.

"We began work on March 30, at the south end of the imposing building I have called the palace, cleared an outer and an inner court, a well preserved hall and two stairways, making the plan of the ground floor complete and finding it to resemble in many ways the contemporary palaces at Knossos and Phaestos.

"This building has absolutely nothing in common with the classical Greek house. Its probable date is as early as 1600 B. C. The plan is roughly a square, measuring about 130 by 130 feet.

"The land slopes down toward the west, where there is a set of storerooms below the level of the central hall. On the east side only the bare rock remains between the hall and the outer wall, showing that all rooms in this part of the palace were on a second floor level and have been completely destroyed by wind and rain.

"The entrance to the palace is from the south, and there are three gates on which people could sit, warming themselves in the sun and watching what went before them in the open court, which must have served the town as marketplace. Ascending the steps, which are arranged in right angles to each other, as in other palaces of the time, we enter over a large threshold, follow a corridor paved with flagstones, cross the central court and reach the main hall through a portico composed of square and round columns alternating.

"The hall is square. In one corner is a recess, having a column in front and seats on the other three sides, reserved, I fancy, for the lord of the manor. A private stairway led to the more important rooms, on the second floor of which, as yet nothing remains save the debris of stone flooring and burned beams that choked the hall below.

"On the eastern slope of the low acropolis we uncovered a new quarter of town, a block of houses bounded by paved streets. A new street which connects the valley road with the top of the hill rises by twenty steps, like the streets of Naples.

"The houses are built flush with the road and close together. They are of about equal size, and although small are well built, on quite the modern plan of cellar, ground floor and upper floor.

"To be sure, these three stories are not there to-day, but there is ample evidence of their former existence. My theory of the town, which is really quite modern in its aspect, is that it was probably attacked by an enemy, pillaged, burned and deserted.

"Besides the small palace already described, made in part of well trimmed blocks of stone, beautifully fitted together, and the forty or so houses, we have excavated a shrine with idols.

"Last season was not without its very important new discoveries; for we then found our first tablet, inscribed with the prehistoric characters made familiar to archaeologists in the last four years by the excavations at Knossos and Agia Triada. These characters are still illegible, but we may at any day turn up a bi-lingual with Egyptian hieroglyphs as the counter-script, and if that happens a wholly new and very important chapter of European history will be read. At present our single tablet establishes the fact that the provincials of

Gournia were not all illiterates, and it is an important clue for dating.

"Other evidence for dating is given by the pottery, and in this class of finds we were especially lucky last year. A stirrup-cup decorated with two sprawling cuttlefish and a set of eight drinking horns bearing plant and semi-conventional designs take high rank among the prehistoric pottery thus far discovered in the Aegean.

"This pottery, by the way, is very poorly represented in the museums of western Europe and America, because the excavations yielding it have almost all been made during the period when the export of antiquities was forbidden. Within the last month, however, a law has been passed permitting duplicates of important finds to be carried out of the country.

"By this permission the University of Pennsylvania will, ere long, receive, as a result of our excavations, a very valuable and absolutely unique set of vases and tools of the Bronze Age. The Boston Art Museum has not a single sample of Minoan pottery—the ware of the time of King Minos of labyrinth fame, you know. Persons seeing this pottery for the first time are often struck by its resemblance to the Japanese, but it is absolutely unlike classical Greek pottery.

"When examined it's almost always, of course, very far from perfect. The stirrup jug was put together by Aristides out of eighty-six fragments, a task requiring delicacy of hand, precision and very great patience.

"About a dozen girls are employed all the time by us, washing the fragments of pottery, which often have dirt half an inch thick on them when they are turned up in the digging. Sixty of our men do nothing but carry earth and stone, and fourteen more skillful ones use the pickaxe and the knife in getting out the vases."

"The story of the way in which Miss Boyd came to do this work in what has been termed a prehistoric Pompeii is full of interest. Born in Boston some thirty years ago, the daughter of Alexander Boyd, a business man of that city, she was educated in the Boston public schools and prepared later at the Prospect Hill School, Greenfield, for Smith College, which she entered in 1888.

"While in college her interest in Greek was very keen, and a desire some day to do research work was stimulated by a lecture given at Smith by Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist. Yet, inasmuch as she was graduated before she was 21, she was naturally not ready then to enter upon what has come to be her life work.

"A period of school teaching in the South was followed by the death of her father. She then decided that she wanted more Greek and determined to go abroad for it.

"Miss Boyd connected herself with the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and set about to learn modern Greek, in which she had become greatly interested. The next spring, however, when the Greco-Turkish War broke out, she left books and student pursuits for work in the army hospitals. Then, for five months, from April to September, 1897, she served the sick and wounded, caring not only for the men who had fallen in battle, but also for those whom the typhoid epidemic struck down.

"In the spring of 1898 she took the fellowship examinations and received a fellowship at the American School at Athens. In the spring of 1900 her old desire to do some excavating was rekindled. The British archæologists were disposed to be very kind to Miss Boyd when she went to them, and the result of their friendliness was that she invested half the income of her fellowship in excavation work, and, with her friend Miss Patten of Boston, started in at her work.

"On the very first day of her labor at St. Anthony's Hill, Knosai, within a mile of the main highway to Crete, were exhumed some pots, which actually gave a clue to the Bronze Age City. None the less, her funds being that season spent on her Age discoveries, Miss Boyd returned home in the fall of 1900, and that year was instructor of archaeology at Smith College, doing enough work at the same time to earn the M. A. degree in the spring of 1901.

"In the winter she was asked to read a paper at Philadelphia at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Archaeology. And after the paper, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, secretary and treasurer of the American Exploration Society, came up and asked her if she would like funds with which to continue her excavations. "Yes," it was, of course, at eager "Yes."

"As a result of that meeting Mrs. Stevenson, aided by Charles Cramp, the Philadelphia shipbuilder, and Calvin Wells, owner of the Philadelphia Press, raised money which enabled Miss Boyd to go back to Crete in the spring of 1901 and discover Gournia.

"Miss Blanche E. Wheeler of Concord, who was Miss Boyd's classmate at Smith, went with her on this expedition, and the two set themselves at once to follow up St. Anthony's Hill clue. On May 19, 1901, as has been said, she was able to telegraph her discovery of Gournia.

"Miss Boyd has received the sum necessary to excavate this spring from Mr. Samuel Houston and Calvin Wells of Philadelphia.

"Miss Boyd is a slight, girlish looking young woman, with sea-going manner, that one wonders just how she directs 100 workmen day after day and successfully conducts an undertaking that involves an expenditure of about \$200 a week, even in a land where labor and living are so cheap. The explanation of it all lies, probably, in the fact that she herself works constantly with the men and is as tactful as well as enthusiastic.

"Clad in a neat linen gown and white Cretan boots, she is on the ground each day from 6 o'clock in the morning to almost 6 in the evening, encouraging groups of workmen here and directing puzzled diggers there as to the best way to turn and the best trails to follow.

To Kill Premises of Rats and Mice.

From the Tennessee Tomahawk.
Here is a farmer's mode for ridding his premises of rats and mice: "If you will sprinkle sulphur on your barn floor and around your corn as you gather it there will not be a rat or mouse bother. I have done this for several years and have never been bothered with rats or mice. I have some old corn in my crib at present and not a rat or mouse can be found. In stinking hay or oats, sprinkle on the ground and a little through each load; and any word for it, rats or mice can't stay there. The sound of sulphur will be sufficient to preserve a large barn of corn, and it is good for stock and will not hurt the corn for breed."

NEW FRILLS IN TURKISH BATHS.

BEAUTY TOUCHES THAT CATCH WOMAN'S FANCY.

Professional Women Among the Latest Regular Customers—Flesh Taken Off and Put On—Woman's Changed Figure—Two Views of the Drink Question.

"Turkish baths are the fat woman's paradise," remarked a woman of lean proportions, with a complacent look at herself in a mirror. "I don't believe they have much vogue now with thin women."

A rubber, or operator, as they prefer to be called, at one of the more exclusive Turkish baths for women looked amused when this remark was repeated to her. "It's quite true," she said, "that we have more stout customers than lean ones. I should say the proportion is about two to one."

"It is far from true, though, that thin women don't care for Turkish baths," and she whisked away to escort a tall young woman clad in Turkish towelling to the hot room.

The manager of the place smiled almost playfully as she repeated the question.

"Turkish baths less popular with women than they used to be?" she replied. "On the contrary, they were never more popular. But they are a matter of course now, like ladies' days at men's clubs, so that no one thinks of talking about them. That's all."

"Yes, there have been many changes in the Turkish bath since this one was opened further downtown, in 1865. Of course it was a wonderful novelty then, and women came flocking to us faster than they do now, simply because there was no other place in New York where a Turkish bath could be had."

"Now there are at least twenty-five Turkish baths in town and perhaps eight or ten of them accommodate women. Some are exclusively for women. That doesn't look as if the baths were getting unpopular, does it?"

"Naturally, in the thirty-nine years I have been in the business I have found out all there is to know about baths, and pretty nearly everything there is to learn about women. I can tell pretty nearly by looking at a woman what sort of bath she ought to have, but not by a long way what sort she means to take."

"Customers have their own ideas on that subject, and they generally get their own way unless we think it is going to injure them seriously. For instance, the general rule followed by women who want to get thin is to take six consecutive baths, three the next week, two the week after and then slow down to one a week. Often a woman gets so fond of the baths that she would do it if we did not interfere."

"When the Turkish bath was a novelty in New York nearly every woman took the simple bath and in a mild form, and few came often than once a month. Now, on the contrary, they want to experiment with all the variations which have been introduced to suit individual taste and to take advantage of a lot of beauty extras which have been tacked on because they are now almost indispensable to the up-to-date woman."

"For example, for the stay in the hot room some women substitute an electric bath; that is, they sit or lie for ten minutes in a square or oblong box lined with hundreds of colored electric lights. This costs more, but then, as one woman remarked the first time she tried it, 'Hang expense when health and beauty are in the balance.'"

"I truly believe, I truly believe, would have taken every variety of bath in the place, and on the same day, if we had promised they would make her beautiful."

"We have customers who choose the electro-thermal bath in connection with some of the Turkish features, or the Russian brand, which substitutes clean, dry heat, or the Roman, meaning a manipulation with cocoa butter, vaseline, sweet oil or sweet cream, as preferred. It is the thin women who are most apt to ask for the Roman or the Russian bath."

"I'm just crazy to take a Turkish bath, said a slender, very stylish girl the other day, when she came in with her sister-in-law, who always takes one a week."

"And why not take one?" asked, "Oh, I can't afford to take a single one, my dear. It is as if I had to pay for my course to wear a low cut bodice." Well we talked it over, and before leaving she had her bath. What is more, she has taken a second, and has actually put on a little extra flesh because during each bath she takes an oil rub.

"Yes, it is possible to lose as much as five pounds in one Turkish bath. Very many persons drop three pounds. The operators, you see, have learned how to please all comers."

"How about the female figure?" the manager was asked. "Has it changed much in the last thirty years?" she asked. "No, it hasn't. The progeny of the generation I came in contact with when this place was first opened are finer, bigger, broader, livelier, even, I believe, than the women of today. The fact is, the women of the generation I came in contact with when this place was first opened are finer, bigger, broader, livelier, even, I believe, than the women of today."

"Nearly all the young girls who come in here now are bigger than their mothers, and if the next generation is as well as the one after that increases proportionately, well, women will one of these days be literally out of sight."

"I can't say, but I remember a matron of the athletic type, if you really want to find out whether women take Turkish baths any more or not. I am going to one of the best Turkish baths in town, although it is not, perhaps, the most exclusive."

"I have got so used to my bath once a week I feel heavy and lousy if I miss it. You see what my babies and house-keeping cares, I don't have much time now for anything, or even for myself. I used to like to, and in order to keep in trim I fall back on the Turkish bath."

"Between you and me I don't think fashionable women much care for Turkish baths any more. They have taken up other things. On the other hand, business and professional women are keen about them, and it is they, rather than the smart women, I think, who keep the baths going."

"At one of the quieter places further uptown where I used to go, and where they put on considerable style, the attendance some days is very small, whereas at this other place they frequently have 150 patrons in rubber ducky, and the section manager of the place, I have learned, is that on Friday evenings it is thronged with business women."

"I myself go regularly once a week and take the Turkish bath straight. I slip into my Turkish towelling toga, as I call it, sit in the hot room for about 10 degrees, twenty minutes, then in the steam room five minutes more. After that I take a scrubbing—a shampoo it is called—lying on a mat, and then I take a massage with a salt rub—you have no idea how stimulating that rub down with salt is."

"An sprayed with warm water, then with cool water and finally, I take a plunge into water of about fifty-eight or sixty degrees. This closes the pores you know, and makes it safe to dress and go almost at once, although many persons take an extra precaution are rubbed down with alcohol. After it's all over I go out feeling on top of the world."

"Very few of the better class women care to stay and go to sleep after a bath. They lie down for half an hour or so, and that is all."

"But here we are. Just watch that young woman."



Lackawanna
Railroad

BEST WAY TO BUFFALO

BARGAINS IN OLD FURNITURE.

KEEN HUNTERS MAY STILL FIND THEM IN THIS CITY.

They Require Long and Patient Seeking Though—Possibilities of the Second Hand Stores in the Way of Mahogany, China and Brass—Best Hunting Grounds.

Bargains in old furniture are to be had in New York, though oftener elsewhere than at the shops that specially deal in antiques. There are a few men, and perhaps more women, who find amusement in the pursuit of such bargains.

Success in this pursuit requires patience, leisure and a knowledge of styles and materials. It presupposes also a pretty wide acquaintance with the city, for the articles sought are to be had only by frequent visits to widely separated shops.

It is to the ordinary second hand furniture shops and the junk dealers that the really keen bargain hunter goes in search of his treasures. He may occasionally get an excellent thing cheap at the antique shops, but led less by avarice than the instinct of the chase, is not content unless he can buy far below the ordinary market price.

There is an added zest in the chase from the fact that the private collector is brought into competition with the dealers in antiques and the skilled cabinetmakers.

Those men have an understanding with many second hand dealers that all articles of probable value as antiques shall be reserved from the general public.

The private collector can usually obtain anything to which he takes a fancy by offering the second hand dealer a fair price, and he is pretty sure to obtain his treasure cheaper than he could have brought it of a dealer in antiques, even after the cost of repairs has been added to the original purchase price. One hunter of the second hand shops shows with pride a mahogany armchair worth at least \$20 for which he paid \$1.50—50 cents to the second hand dealer for the chair in the rough and \$1 to the cabinet maker who put it in order.

When the ordinary second hand dealer has a shop full of cheap furniture bought of tenement dwellers and others in their hour of trouble gets hold of a piece of mahogany or rosewood, he promptly exclaims it on the sidewalk, unless, indeed, he has an understanding with an antique dealer that such things shall be reserved for him. He may, however, sell it to a dealer in antiques, even after the cost of repairs has been added to the original purchase price. One hunter of the second hand shops shows with pride a mahogany armchair worth at least \$20 for which he paid \$1.50—50 cents to the second hand dealer for the chair in the rough and \$1 to the cabinet maker who put it in order.

New York is dotted all over with small second hand dealers. All the way up Third avenue from about Twenty-third street to Fordham their shops are frequent. So are they in Seventh, Eighth and Ninth avenues, in the old Greenwich village region, in some of the East Side streets, and even in the distant suburbs.

The further a shop is from the region of the regular dealers in antiques the cheaper the price at which the bargain hunter is likely to get what he seeks. It is often worth while to inspect the whole stock of a



MISS SNOW, YOU SEE, WAS SURE TO BE THE OBJECT OF MUCH COURTESY, FOR DAY AND NIGHT, THEY'RE ALL POLITE, UPON THE ROAD OF ANTHRACITE.

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"I've a room up here, Jim, I like to set in," he said. "It's not much to show—I guess it's really the garret—but I like it sometimes—when the house is full of company."

He unlocked a door and led the way into a low-ceilinged room with windows that were had octagons, this effect on the exterior of the cupola being superb. Here the dust lay on things, the furniture was queer looking, and there was an old sofa with a downward bulge in it where a sprig had given way.

There was a black walnut cradle with its little mattress, some wax fruit under glass cover and a caribou motto on the wall showing a seal brown eagle, outspread over "E Pluribus Unum" in red, white and blue. There were photographs showing the rich man and his wife in their awkward youth, posed with scenic effects back of them that were positively startling in their sublimity. There was also a large engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware.

He waved his guest to a seat. Then he dived into an old desk and brought up a brown bottle, two muddy looking glasses and a box of cigars. He sat on the sofa with an air of solid comfort. "It's different from the rest of the house," he said, "because all the things we had when we began housekeeping" was gradually moved up here. "You see them rugs and things and some of the chairs and tables are centuries old—and these—weren't quite old enough—they said, 'understand?' But I'm afraid of them chairs, Jim, and it's a terrible thing not to be able to sit down in your own house. So I like to come up here and set. Here's how, Jim!"

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

An Incident of Showing Off the Very Rich Man's New Home.

The very rich man was taking an old friend through the stately town house. It had been designed by a great architect, decorated by famous artists and glorified by tapestries which had once hung in palaces. The drawing room was filled with guests and there were candles shining under glass shades and an orchestra playing somewhere, where the two old friends passed on up in the lift, and the whiff of roses and violets that came to them from the afternoon reception room, and the two old friends passed on up in the lift, and the whiff of roses and violets that came to them from the afternoon reception room, and the two old friends passed on up in the lift, and the whiff of roses and violets that came to them from the afternoon reception room.

"You see, James," said the rich man, who, his friend noticed, had contracted a somewhat stately manner of speech, "we had it planned just in that way—the reception room open in the two parlors and the music room, and the smoking room and the conservatory all on one floor, so that when we have a big party we can have all the room we want. The smoking room is Moorish, and the conservatory has a view clear over the river."

The dining room was on the floor above. It was magnificently dim, with a raftered ceiling, and a great sideboard was laden down with gleaming silver tankards and glass decanters that sparkled like diamonds.

"This—James," said the rich man, solemnly, "is pure sixteenth century."

They went above. Here everything seemed to be rose and blue and green and white, successions of lustrous beautiful surprises. The guest suite was being put in readiness for the old friend, and he noticed with some uneasiness that the sunken onyx bath filled from the centre like a fountain spray, forming a filmy shower as it descended. It was the very latest thing, said his host.

They passed up beyond model apartments for the servants, taking to the stairs for this flight and then almost to the roof, and as they did so the millionaire relaxed somewhat into the old colloquialism:

SUPERIOR COPRA, CUBES & INJECTIONS.

SANTAL MIDY

CAPSULES

CURES IN 48 HOURS

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guarantee. Capital \$500,000. We select the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 25 days. You have taken every medicine from a doctor, and still have sores and pains. Mucous Patches in Mouth. Sore Throat. Pimples. Copper-Colored Spots. Ulcers on any part of the body. Hair or Eyebrows falling out. Write for proofs of cures.

Cook Remedy Co.

1000 HANCOCK TERRACE, CHICAGO, ILL. 100-ware Root Pills.

RIPANS TABLETS are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hot dyspepsia medicine of them have been sold in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, nervousness, and every other ailment are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. All druggists sell them.